

Lil' Wayne "No Other"

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Intro

Yeah, what it do
Haha, heh, already, yeah
Listen man, yeah my niqqa
We got this shit
Ey, ey, i tried told them
Yeah, Cash Money Millionaire, ya know
I Can't Feel My Face
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, let's go
Let's go, let's go, haa, i told them
Shoutout to Bun B, yeah

Verse 1

Yeah, straight up D-Boy, 17th Ward
Miss Katrina turned my city to a seesaw
I keep goin' for them corners like Lyor
They gon' either respect me or he all
Burnin them bitches like a sequel
Punk, put a hump in your back, they called it Igor
What, this shit is hard, any yard where we are
We call that cocaine rice, i got that Condoleezza
Huh, you fuck with me chump, i rock your teacup
I say before you spend a dollar boy, put up the re-up
Yep, get up cuz we up, foot up and knee up
In the game, put up and shut up, i hit your head up or
go bang
Birdgang and the Birdman J, Lil Wayne
Here to hang, other words here to stay, feel my pain
Fireman, i spark and i rain, i hark through the flames
Yeah, all for the change, yeah, call it insane
But im a hustler to the muscle
And them new drop Bentley's look like pussy in the
summer
So im fuckin' that, huggin that block like im lovin' that
Never sell a crumb where my mother at, run with that
You can come at me for beef and shots come with that
Your bitch come at me for wood and im the lumberjack
I come in that Similac Maybach, shades black
Lookin' like im tryna bring yay back, asap
Give it to em raw, no ajax, taste that
Huh, fuck around and make your face crack
I know niggaz that shoot dope, arms lookin' like a

racetrack

Nigga missed a vein in his neck, his whole face fat
You can't take that, well i can't take back
Where i come from so i learned how to make that

Yeah, turn that straight to a G stack
Stack up my cheese, now im screamin "where the keys
at"

Interlude

I Can't Feel My Face

I really don't think they ready for this

Verse 2

I'm from block one, five-one, where my young
Niggaz on the rise to get a name, don't try them
Wayne, i fell your pain and i see your stress
How they think your people 'posed to get through
Katrina off of FEMA checks
Coke in a Pyrex, dope and the ice, yes
Mind on the highway, road signs, right, left
And that's the mind-state of kids growin' up
Still they wonder why the crime rate's goin up, throw it
up
Eastside, Westside, Southside, Northside
Fuck with my money, i torch guys, off guys
Hire men, fire men, send em to a higher man (there he
go)
Torture em, vice grip, pliers man
Niggaz turn to tin foil when they see the iron man
Pressure bust pipes, i apply it and
Move like a lion through the jungle (yes)
There is none higher than me, don't slip up and wind
up in the lion bend
Big body Benz eyein' man, higher than
A chick that flight-attend or air force flyer man
Bad bitches, i fly em and fuck em
Send em back home hyped, feelin' like they on
nitrogen
Just call me the Pied Piper man
Still get the coke through the pipeline then off to the
piper stem
And im still gettin' paper back in rubber bands
I still got paper bags comin' in
I still got that mattress with the paper bags under it
Comic books, Playboy baby mag under it
Still, i still got ties with my guys who don't speak no
English
Them vatos, they got those cheapest
Got no green card, got no visas and got those Pablo
features

They drop off then pick up, i pick up then drop off
The drop off was picked up and then what, i get it

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